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# MOTHER BOMBIE.

Read
Feby 3
1707

## As it was sundrie times

*plaied by the Children of Powles.*

Ne of Lyngbain assigns an
Author to this.
vide

John Doyley

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for *Cuthbert Burby.* 1598.

4732

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# A Pleasant conceited Commœdie, called *Mother Bombie.*

*Actus primus. Scena prima.*

Memphio. Dromio.

*Memphio.* BOY, there are three things that make my life miserable, a threed bare purse, a curst wife, and a foole to my heire.

*Dromio.* Why then sir, there are three medicines, for these three maladies: a pike staffe to take a purse on the high way: a holly wand to brush cholar from my mistresse tongue: and a yong wench for my yong maister: so that as your worship being wise, begot a foole: so he being a foole, may tread out a wise man.

*Memp.* I but *Dromio*, these medicines bite hot on great mischiefs, for so might I haue a rope about my neck, horns vpon my head, and in my house a litter of fooles.

*Dro.* Then sir you hadde best let some wise man sit on your sonne, to hatch him a good wit: they say, if Rauens sit on hens egs, the chichens will be blacke and so forth.

*Memp.* Why boy, my ſonne is out of the ſhell, and is growne a prettie cocke.

*Drom.* Carue him maiſter and make him a capon, elſe al your breede will prooue cockeſcomes.

*Memph.* I maruell he is ſuch an aſſe, he takes it not of his father.

*Dro.* He may for any thing you know.

*Mem.* Why villain, doſt thou think me a foole?

*Dro.* O no ſir, neither are you ſure that you are his father.

*Memp.* Raſcall, doſt thou imagine thy miſtreſſe naught of her body?

*Dro.* No, but fantaſticall of her minde, and it may bee, when this boy was begotten ſhe thought of a foole, and ſo conceiued a foole, your ſelfe being very wiſe, and ſhe ſurpaſſing honeſt.

*Mem.* It may be, for I haue heard of an Aethiopian, that thinking of a faire picture, brought forth a faire Lady, and yet no baſtard.

*Drom.* You are well read ſir, your ſonne may be a baſtard and yet legitimate, your ſelfe a cuckold, and yet my miſtres vertuous, all this in conceit.

*Mem.* Come *Dromio*, it is my greeſe to haue ſuch a ſonne that muſt inherit my lands.

*Dro.* He needs not ſir, Ile beg him for a foole.

*Mem.* Vile boy, thy yong maiſter?

*Dro.* Let me haue in a deuiſe.

*Mem.* Ile haue thy aduice, and if it fadge, thou ſhalt eate, thou ſhalt ſweate, play till thou ſleepe, and ſleepe till thy bones ake.

*Dro.* I marrie, now you tickle me, I am both hungrie, gameſome, and ſleepie, and all at once, Ile break this head againſt the wall, but Ile make it bleed good matter.

*Mem.*

*Mem.* Then this it is, thou knoweſt I haue but one ſon, and he is a foole.

*Dro.* A monſtrous foole.

*Memp.* A wife and ſhe an arrand ſcolde.

*Dro.* Ah maiſter I ſmell your deuice, it will be excellent.

*Mem.* Thou canſt not know it till I tell it.

*Dro.* I ſee it through your braines, your haire is ſo thin, and your ſcull ſo tranſparant, I may ſooner ſee it then heare it.

*Mem.* Then boy haſt thou a quicke wit, and I a ſlowe tongue, but what iſt?

*Dro.* Marrie either you would haue your wiues tougue in your ſons head, that he might be a prating foole, or his braines in her brain pan, that ſhe might be a fooliſh ſcold.

*Mem.* Thou dreamſt *Dromio*, ther is no ſuch matter, thou knoweſt I haue kept him cloſe, ſo that my neighbors think him to be wiſe, and her to be temperate, becauſe they neuer heard them ſpeake.

*Dro.* Well.

*Mem.* Thou knoweſt that *Stellio* hath a good farm and a faire daughter, yea ſo faire that ſhe is mewed vp, and onely looketh out at the windowes, leaſt ſhe ſhould by ſome roiſting courtier be ſtolen away.

*Dro.* So ſir.

*Mem.* Now if I could compaſſe a match between my ſon and *Stellios* daughter, by conference of vs parents, & without theirs, I ſhould be bleſſed, he cooſned, and thou for euer ſet at libertie.

*Dro.* A ſingular conceit.

*Mem.* Thus much for my ſon, now for my wife, I wold haue this kept from her, elſe ſhall I not be able to keepe my houſe from ſmoake; for let it come to one of her eares, and

then wo to both mine: I would haue her goe to my house into the countrie whilest we conclude this: and this once done, I care not if her tonge neuer haue done: these if thou canst effect, thou shalt make thy maister happie.

*Dro.* I thinke it done, this noddle shall coyne such new deuice as you shall haue your son married by to morrow.

*Mem.* But take heed, that neither the father nor the maide speake to my son, for then his folly will marre all.

*Dro.* Lay all the care on mee, *Subleuabo te onere*, I will rid you of a foole.

*Mem.* Wilt thou rid me for a foole?

*Dro.* Tush quarrell not.

*Mem.* Thē for the dowrie, let it be at least two hundreth ducats, and after his death the farme.

*Dro.* What else?

*Mem.* Then let vs in, that I may furnish thee with some better counsell, and my son with better apparell.

*Dro.* Let me alone, I lacke but a wagge more to make of my counsell, and then you shall see an exquisite coosnage, and the father more foole then the son. But heare you sir, I forgot one thing.

*Mem.* Whats that?

*Dro.* Nay, *Expellas furca licet vsque recurret.*

*Mem.* Whats the meaning?

*Dro.* Why though your sons folly be thrust vp with a paire of hornes on a forke, yet beeing naturall, it will haue his course.

*Mem.* I pray thee no no more, but about it. *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Sce. 2.

*Stellio.* *Riscio.*

*Stel. Riscio*, my daughter is passing amiable, but verie simple.

*Ri.* You meane a foole sir.

*Stel.* Faith I implie so much.

*Ri.* Then I applie it sir: the one shee takes of her father, the other of her mother: now you may be sure she is your owne.

*Stel.* I haue penned her vp in a chamber, hauing onely a window to looke out, that youths seeing her faire cheekes, may be enamored before they heare her fond speech. How likest thou this head?

*Ri.* There is verie good workemãship in it, but the matter is but base, if the stuffe had been as good as the mould, your daughter had bin as wise as she is bewtifull.

*Stel.* Doest thou thinke shee tooke her foolishnesse of mee?

*Ri.* I, and so cunningly, that she tooke it not from you.

*Stel.* Well, *Quod natura dedit tollere nemo potest.*

*Ri.* A good euidence to prooue the fee-simple of your daughters follie.

*Stel.* Why?

*Ri.* It came by nature, and if none can take it away, it is perpetuall.

*Stel.* Nay *Riscio*, she is no naturall foole, but in this consisteth her simplicitie, that she thinketh her selfe subtile in this her rudenesse, that she imagins she is courtlie: in this the ouershooting of her selfe, that she ouerweeneth of her selfe.

*Ri.* Well, what followes?

*Stel.* *Riscio*, this is my plot, *Memphio* hath a pretie stripling to his sonne, whom with cockring he hath made wanton, his girdle must be warmd, the aire must not breath on him, he must lie a bed till noone, and yet in his bed break his fast: that which I do to conceale the follie of my daughter, that

doth

doth hee in too much cockering of his sonne. Now *Risco*, how shall I compasse a match betweene my girle and his boy?

*Ri.* Why with a paire of compasses, and bring them both into the circle, Ile warrant the'il match themselues.

*Stel.* Tush, plot it for me, that neuer speaking one to an other, they be in loue one with an other: I like not solemne woing, it is for courtiers, let countrie folkes beleeue others reports as much as their owne opinions.

*Ri.* O then, so it be a match you care not.

*Stel.* Not I, nor for a match neither, were it not I thirst after my neighbors farme.

*Ri.* A very good nature. Well if by flat wit I bring this to passe, whats my reward?

*Stel.* Whatsoeuer thou wilt aske.

*Ri.* Ile aske no more then by my wit I can get in the bargaine.

*Stel.* Then about it. *Exit.*

*Ri.* If I come not about you neuer trust me, Ile seeke out *Romio*, the councellor of my conceit.

Act. 1. Sce. 3.

*Prisius.* *Sperantus.*

*Pris.* It is vnneighbourly done to suffer your sonne since he came from schoole, to spend his time in loue, and vnwiselie done to let him houer ouer my daughter, who hath nothing to her dowrie but her needle, & must prooue a sempster, nor he any thing to take too but a grammer, and cannot at the best be but a schoolemaister.

*Spe. Prisius*, you bite and whine, wring me on the withers, and yet winch your selfe, it is you that goe about to match your girle with my boy, she being more fit for seames then for marriage, and he for a rod then a wife.

*Pri.* Her

*Pri.* Her birth requires a better bridegroome than such a groome.

*Spe.* And his bringing vp another gates marriage than such a minion.

*Pri.* Marie gup, I am sure he hath no better bread than is made of wheat, nor worne finer cloth than is made of wol, nor learned better manners than are taught in schooles.

*Spe.* Nor you minxe had no better Grandfather than a Tailor, who (as I haue heard) was poore and proude: nor a better father then your selfe, vnlesse your wife borrowed a better, to make your daughter a Gentlewoman.

*Pri.* Twit not me with my ancestors, nor my wiues honestie, for if thou doest.

*Spe.* Hold thy hands still thou hadst best, and yet it is impossible now I remember, for thou hast the palsie.

*Pri.* My hands shake so, that wert thou in place where, I would teach thee to cog.

*Spe.* Nay if thou shake thy hands, I warrant thou canst not teach anie to cog. But neighbour, let not two olde fooles fall out for two young wantons.

*Pri.* Indeed it becommeth men of our experience to reason, not raile: to debate the matter, not to combat it.

*Spe.* VVell, then this Ile tell thee friendly, I haue almost these two yeares cast in my head, how I might match my princockes with *Stellios* daughter, whom I haue heard to be very faire, and know shall be verie rich, she is his heire, he doates, he is stooping olde, and shortly must die, yet by no meanes, either by blessing or cursing can I winne my sonne to be a woer, which I know proceeds not of bashfulnesse, but stubbornnesse, for he knows his good thogh I saie it, he hath wit at will: as for his personage, I care not who sees him, I can tell you hee is able to make a Ladies

mouth water if she winke not.

*Pri.* Stay *Sperantus*, this is like my case, for I haue beene tampering as long to haue a marriage committed between my wench and *Memphios* onely son, they say he is as goodly a youth as one shall see in a Summers day, and as neate a stripling as euer went on neates leather, his father will not let him be foorth of his sight, he is so tender ouer him, hee yet lies with his mother for catching colde. Now my pretie elfe, as proude as the day is long, she will none of him, she forsooth will choose her owne husband, made marriages prooue madde marriages, shee will choose with her eye, and like with her heart, before shee consent with her tongue, neither father nor mother, kith nor kin shall be her caruer in a husband, she will fall too where she likes best, and thus the chicke scarce out of the shel, cackles as though she had beene troden with an hundreth cockes, and mother of a thousand egges.

*Spe.* well then, this is our best, seeing we know each others minde, to deuise to gouerne our owne children, for my boy, Ile keepe to his bookes, and studie shal make him leaue to loue, Ile breake him of his will, or his bones with a cudgell.

*Pri.* And Ile no more dandle my daughter, she shal prick on a clout till her fingers ake, or Ile cause her leaue to make my heart ake. But in good time, though with ill lucke, beholde if they bee not both togither, let vs stand close and heare all, so shall we preuent all.

*Enter* Candius *and* Liuia.

*Spe.* This happens pat, take heede you cough not *Prisius.*

*Pri.* Tush, spit not you, and Ile warrant I, my beard is as good as a handkercheffe.

*Liu.* Sweet

*Liuia.* Sweete *Candius*, if thy father ſhould ſee vs alone, would he not fret? The olde man meethinkes ſhould bee full of fumes.

*Cand.* Tuſh, let him fret one heart ſtring againſt another, he ſhall neuer trouble the leaſt vaine of my litle finger, the olde churle thinkes none wiſe, vnleſſe hee haue a beard hang dangling to his waſt, when my face is bedawbed with haire as his, then perchance my conceit may ſtumble on his ſtaiedneſſe.

*Pri.* I, in what booke read you that leſſon?

*Lpe.* I know not in what booke he read it, but I am ſure he was a knaue to learne it.

*Can.* I beleeue faire *Liuia*, if your ſowre ſire ſhould ſee you with your ſweete hart, he would not be verie patient.

*Liu.* The care is taken, Ile aske him bleſsing as a father, but neuer take counſell for an husband, there is as much oddes betweene my golden thoughts, and his leaden aduice, as between his ſiluer haires, and my amber lockes, I know hee will cough for anger that I yeelde not, but hee ſhall cough me a foole for his labour.

*Spe.* Where pickt your daughter that worke, out of broad ſtitch?

*Pri.* Out of a flirts ſampler, but let vs ſtay the end, this is but the beginning, you ſhal heare two children wel brought vp.

*Can.* Parents in theſe daies are growne peeuiſh, they rocke their children in their cradles till they ſleep, & croſſe them about their bridalles till their hearts ake. Marriage among them is become a market, what will you giue with your daughter? What Ioynter will you make for your ſon? And many a match is broken off for a pennie more or leſſe, as though they could not affoord their children at ſuch

a price, when none ſhould cheapen ſuch ware, but affection, and none buie it but loue.

*Spe.* Learnedlie and ſchollerlike.

*Liu.* Indeed our Parents take great care to make vs aske bleſsing, and ſaie grace when we are little ones, and growing to yeares of iudgement, they depriue vs of the greateſt bleſsing, and the moſt gracious things to our mindes, the libertie of our mindes: they giue vs pap with a ſpoone before we can ſpeake, and when we ſpeake for that we loue, pap with a hatchet: becauſe their fancies beeing growen muſtie with hoarie age, therefore nothing can reliſh in their thoughts that ſauours of ſweet youth: they ſtudie 20. yeares togither to make vs grow as ſtraight as a wand, and in the end, by bowing vs, as crooked as a cammocke. For mine owne part (ſweet *Candius*) they ſhall pardon me, for I will meaſure my loue by mine owne iudgement, not my fathers purſe or peeuiſhneſſe. Nature hath made mee his childe, not his ſlaue: I hate *Memphio* and his ſonne deadlie, if I wiſt hee would place his affection by his fathers appointment.

*Pri.* Wittilie but vnciuillie.

*Can.* Be of that minde ſtill my faire *Liuia*, let our fathers laie their purſes togither, we our hearts, I will neuer woo where I cannot loue, let *Stellio* enioy his daughter. But what haue you wrought heere?

*Liu.* Flowers, fowles, beaſtes, fiſhes, trees, plants, ſtones, and what not. Among flowers, cowſlops & lillies, for our names *Candius* and *Liuia*. Among fowles, Turtles & Sparrowes, for our trueth and deſires. Among beaſts, the Foxe and the Ermin, for beautie and pollicie. And among fiſhes, the Cockle and the Tortuſe, becauſe of *Venus* among trees: the vine wreathing about the elme, for our embracings.

Among

Among stones, Abestor, which being hot, will neuer bee colde, for our constancies. Among plants, Time & Hearts-ease, to note, that if wee take time, wee shall ease our hearts.

*Pri.* Theres a girle that knowes her lerripoope.

*Spe.* Listen and you shall heare my sonnes learning.

*Liu.* What booke is that?

*Can.* A fine pleasant Poet, who intreateth of the Art of Loue, and of the remedie.

*Liu.* Is there Art in loue?

*Can.* A short Art and a certaine, three rules in three lines.

*Liu.* I pray thee repeat them.

Can. *Principio quod amare velis reperire labora,*
*Proximus huic labor est placidam euorare puellam,*
*Tertius vt longo tempore ducet amor.*

*Liu.* I am no Latinist *Candius*, you must conster it.

*Can.* So I will, and pace it too: thou shalt be acquainted with case, gender, and number. First one must finde out a Mistresse, whom before all others he voweth to serue. Secondlie, that he vse all the meanes that hee may to obtaine her. And the last, with deserts, faith and secrecie, to studie to keepe her.

*Liu.* Whats the remedie?

*Can.* Death.

*Liu.* What of all the booke is the conclusion?

*Can.* This one verse, *Non caret effectu quod voluere duo.*

*Liu.* Whats that?

*Can.* Where two is agreed, it is impossible but they must speed.

*Liu.* Then cannot we misse: therefore giue me thy hand *Candius*.

*Pri.* Soft *Liuia*, take me with you, it is not good in lawe

without witnesse.

*Spe.* And as I remember, there must bee two witnesses, God giue you ioy *Candius*, I was woorth the bidding to dinner, though not worthie to bee of the counsell.

*Pri.* I thinke this hotte loue haue prouided but colde cheare.

*Spe.* Tush, in loue is no lacke, but blush not *Candius*, you neede not be ashamed of your cunning, and haue made loue a booke-case, and spent your time well at schoole, learning to loue by art, and hate against nature, but I perceiue the woorser childe, the better louer.

*Pri.* And my minion hath wrought well, where euerie stitch in her sampler, is a pricking stitch at my heart: you take your pleasure on Parents, they are peeuish, fooles, churles, ouergrowen with ignorance, because ouerworn with age: little shalt thou know the case of a father, before thy selfe be a mother, when thou shalt breede thy childe with continuall paines, and with deadly pangs, nurse it with thine owne pappes, and nourish it vp with motherly tenderneese, and then finde them to curse thee with their hearts, when they should aske blessing on their knees, and the collops of thine owne bowels to be the torture of thine owne soule, with teares trickling downe thy cheeks, and droppes of blood falling from thy heart, thou wilt in vttering of thy mind, wish them rather vnborne, than vnnaturall, and to haue had their cradles their graues, rather than thy death their bridals. But I will not dispute what thou shouldest haue done, but correct what thou haste done: I perceiue sowing is an idle exercise, and that euerie day there comes more thoughts into thine heade, than stitches into thy worke: Ile see whether you can spinne a better mind then you haue stitched, and if I coope you not

vp,

vp, then let me be the capon.

*Spe.* As for you sir boy, in stead of poaring on a booke, you shall hold the plough, Ile make repentance reap what wantonnesse hath sowen: but wee are both well serued, the sonnes must be maisters, the fathers gaffers, what wee get together with a rake, they cast abroad with a forke, and we must weare our legs to purchase our children armes. Well, seeing that booking is but idldnesse, Ile see whether threshing be any occupation, thy mind shall stoupe to my fortune, or mine shall breake the lawes of nature. How like a micher he stands, as though he had trewanted from honestie, get thee in, & for the rest let me alone. In villaine.

*Pri.* And you pretie minxe, that must be fed with Loue vpon soppes, Ile take an order to cram you with sorrowes: get you in without looke or replie.

*Exeunt Candius, Liuia.*

*Spe.* Let vs follow, and deale as rigorously with yours, as I will with mine, and you shall see that hotte loue will waxe soone colde: Ile tame the proude boy, and send him as farre from his loue, as he is from his dutie.

*Pri.* Let vs about it, and also go on with marching them to our mindes, it was happie that wee preuented that by chaunce, which wee could neuer yet suspect by circumstance.

*Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Sce. 1.

*Dromio.* *Risio.*

*Dro.* Now if I could meete with *Risio*, it were a world of waggerie.

*Ri.* Oh that it were my chance *Obuiam dare Dromio*, to stumble vppon *Dromio*, on whom I doo nothing but dreame.

*Dro.* His

*Dro.* His knauerie and my wit, should make our Maisters that are wise, fooles: their children that are fooles beggers, and vs two that are bond, free.

*Ris.* He to cosin, and I to coniure, would make such alterations, that our Maisters should serue themselues, the idcots their children serue vs, and wee to wake our wittes betweene them all.

*Dro. Hem quàm opportune*, looke if hee drop not full in my dish.

*Ris. Lupus in fabula*, *Dromio* imbrace me, hugge me, I must make thee fortunate.

*Dro. Risio*, honour me, kneele downe to mee, kisse my feete, I must make thee blessed.

*Risio.* My Maister olde *Stellio* hath a foole to his daughter.

*Dro.* Nay, my Maister olde *Memphio* hath a foole to his sonne.

*Ri.* I must conuey a contract.

*Dro.* And I must conuey a contract.

*Ri.* Betweene her and *Memphios* sonne, without speaking one to another.

*Dro.* Betweene him and *Stellios* daughter, without one speaking to the other.

*Ri.* Doest thou mocke me *Dromio*?

*Dro.* Thou doest me else.

*Ri.* Not I, for all this is true.

*Dro.* And all this.

*Ri.* Then are we both driuen to our wittes endes, for if either of them had beene wise, we might haue tempered, if no marriage, yet a close marriage.

*Dro.* Well, let vs sharpen our accounts, theres no better grindstone for a young mans head, than to haue it whet

vpon

vpon an olde mans purſe. Oh thou ſhalt ſee my knauerie ſhaue like a raſor!

*Ri.* Thou for the edge, and I the poynt, will make the foole beſtride our Miſtreſſe backes, and then haue at the bagge with the dudgin hafte, that is, at the dudgen dagger, by which hangs his tantonie pouch.

*Dromio.* Theſe old huddles haue ſuch ſtrong purſes with lockes, when they ſhut them, they go off like a ſnaphance.

*Riſ.* The olke faſhion is beſt, a purſe with a ring round about it, is a circle to courſe a knaues hand from it: but *Dromio*, two they ſaie may keepe counſell if one be away: but to conuey knauerie, two are too fewe, and foure too many.

*Dro.* And in good time, looke where *Halfepenie Sperantus* boy commeth, though bound vp in *decimo ſexto* for carriage, yet a wit in *folio* for cooſonage: Single *Halfepenie*, what newes are now currant?

*Enter Halfepenie.*

*Half.* Nothing, but that ſuch double coyſtrels as you beare counterfeit.

*Riſ.* Are you ſo dapper, weele ſend you for a halfepenie loafe.

*Half.* I ſhall go for ſiluer though, when you ſhall bee nailed vp for ſlippes.

*Dro.* Thou art a ſlipſtring Ile warrant.

*Half.* I hope you ſhall neuer ſlipſtring, but hang ſteddie.

*Ri. Dromio* looke heere, now is my hand on my halfepenie.

*Halfe.* Thou lieſt, thou haſte not a farthing to lay thy thy hands on, I am none of thine: but let me bee wagging.

my head is full of hammers, and they haue so maletted my wit, that I am almost a malcontent.

*Dro.* Why, whats the matter?

*Half.* My maister hath a fine schollor to his sonne, *Prisius* a faire lasse to his daughter.

*Dro.* Well.

*Aalf.* They two loue one another deadly.

*Ris.* In good time.

*Half.* The fathers haue put them vppe, vtterly disliking the match, and haue appoynted the one shall haue *Memphios* sonne, the other *Stellios* daughter, this workes like waxe, but how it will fadge in the end, the hen that sittes next the cocke cannot tell.

*Ris.* If thou haue but any spice of knauerie, weele make thee happie.

*Half.* Tush, doubt not of mine, I am as full for my pitch, as you are for yours, a wrens egge is as full of meate as a goose egge, though there be not so much in it: you shall finde this head well stuft, though there went little stuffe to it.

*Dro. Lando ingenium*, I like thy sconce, then harken: *Memphios* made me of his counsel, about marriage of his sonne to *Stellios* daughter, *Stellio* made *Riscio* acquainted to plot a match with *Memphios* sonne. To bee short, they bee both fooles.

*Half.* But they are not fooles that bee short, if I thought thou meantst so, *Senties qui vir sim*, Thou shouldst haue a crow to pull.

*Ri.* Be not angrie *Halfepenie*, for fellowship, we will bee all fooles: and for gaine all knaues. But why doest thou laugh?

*Halfe.* At mine owne conceit and quicke censure.

*Ri.* Whats

*Ri.* Whats the matter?

*Half.* Suddainly me thought you two were asses, and that the least asse was the more asse.

*Ri.* Thou art a foole, that cannot be.

*Half.* Yea, my young maister taught me to proouc it by learning, and so I can out of *Ouid* by a verse.

*Ri.* Prethie how?

*Half.* You must first for fashion sake confesse your selues to be asses.

*Dro.* Well.

*Half.* Then stand you heere, and you there.

*Ri.* Go too.

*Half.* Then this is the verse as I poynt it, *Cum mala per longas inualuêre moras.* So you see the least asse is the more asse.

*Ris.* Weelebite for an ape, if thou bob vs like asses. But to end all, if thou wilt ioyne with vs, we will make a match between the two fooles, for that must be our taskes, and thou shalt deuise to couple *Candius* and *Liuia*, by ouer-reaching their fathers.

*Half.* Let mee alone, *Non enim mea pigra iuuentus*, theres matter in this noddle.

*Enter Lucio.*

But looke where *Prisus* boy comes, as fit as a pudding for a dogs mouth.

*Liu.* Pop three knaues in a sheath, Ile make it a right Tunbridge case, and be the bodkin.

*Ri.* Nay, the bodkin is heere alreadie, you must be the knife.

*Half.* I am the bodkin, looke well to your eares, I must boare them.

*Dro.* Mew thy tongue, or weele cut it out: this I speake representing the person of a knife, as thou didst that in shadow of a bodkin.

*Liu.* I must be gone, *Tædet*, it liketh, *Oportet*, it behoueth my wits to worke like barme, alias yest, alias fizing, alias rising, alias Gods good.

*Half.* The new wine is in thine head, yet was he faine to take this metaphor from ale, and now you talke of ale, let vs all to the wine.

*Dro.* Foure makes a messe, and we haue a messe of Maisters that must be cosoned, let vs lay our heds togither, they are married and cannot.

*Half.* Let vs consult at the Tauerne, where after to the health of *Memphio*, drinke we to the life of *Stellio*, I carouse to *Prisius*, and brinch you mas *Sperantus*, wee shall cast vs our accounts, and discharge our stomackes, like men that can disgest any thing.

*Lu.* I see not yet what you go about.

*Dro. Lucio* that can pearce a mudde wall of twentie foote thicke, would make vs beleeue hee cannot see a candle through a paper lanthorne, his knauerie is beyond *Ela*, and yet he saies he knowes not *Gamut*.

*Lu.* I am readie, if any coosnage bee ripe, Ile shake the tree.

*Half.* Nay, I hope to see thee so strong, to shake three trees at once.

*Dro.* We burne time, for I must giue a reckning of my daies worke, let vs close to the bush, *ad deliberandum*.

*Half.* Indeed *Inter pocula philosophundum*, it is good to plea among pots.

*Ri.* Thine will bee the woorst, I feare wee shall leaue a halfepenie in hand.

*Half.* Why

*Half.* Why, saiest thou that thou hast left a print deeper in thy hand alreadie, then a halfepenie can leaue, vnlesse it should sing woorse than an hot yron.

*Lu.* All friends, and so let vs sing, tis a pleasant thing to go into the Tauerne, clearing the throat.

*Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Sce. 2

*Enter Memphio alone.*

*Mem.* I maruell I heare no newes of *Dromio*, either hee slackes the matter, or betraies his Maister, I dare not motion anie thing to *Stellio*, till I know what my boy hath don, Ile hunt him out, if the loitersacke be gone springing into a Tauerne, Ile fetch him reeling out.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Stellio alone.*

*Stel.* Without doubt *Risio* hath gone beyond himselfe, in casting beyond the moone, I feare the boy bee run madde with studying, for I know hee loued mee so well, that for my fauour he will venture to runne out of his wittes, and it may be, to quicken his inuention, he is gone into this Iuy-bush, a notable nest for a grape owle, Ile firret him out, yet in the end vse him friendly, I cannot be merrie till I heare whats done in the marriages. *Exit.*

*Enter Prisius alone.*

*Pri.* I thinke *Lucio* be gone a squirelling, but Ile squirell him for it, I sent him on my arrand, but I must go for an answere my selfe, I haue tied vppe the louing worme my daughter, and will see whether fancie can worme fancie out of her head: this greene nosegay I feare my boy hath smelt too, for if he get but a penny in his purse, he turnes it so suddainely into Argentum potabile, I must search euery place for him, for I stand on thornes till I heare what hee

hath done. *Exit.*

*Enter Sperantus alone.*

*Spe.* Well, bee as bee may is no banning, I thinke I haue charmde my yong Maister, a hungrie meale, a ragged coat, and a drie cudgell, haue put him quite beside his loue and his lodgicke too: besides pigsnie is put vp, and therefore now Ile let him take the aire, and follow *Stellios* daughter with all his learning, if he meane to bee my heire, the boy hath wit sance measure, more then needs, cattes meate and dogges meat inough for the vantage. Well, without *Halfpenie* all my witte is not woorth a dodkin, that mite is miching in this groue, for as long as his name is *Halfepenie*, he will be banquetting, for thother Halfepenie.

*Exit.*

Act. 2. Sce. 3.

*Candius.* *Silena.*

*Can.* He must needs go that the deuill driues, a father, a fiend, that seekes to place affection by appointment, and to force loue by compulsion, I haue sworne to woo *Sylena*, but it shall bee so coldly, that she take as small delight in my words, as I do contentment in his commaundement: Ile teach him one schoole tricke in loue. But behold, who is that that commeth out of *Stellios* house? it should seeme to be *Silena* by her attire.

*Enter Silena.*

By her face I am sure it is she, oh faire face, oh louely countenance. How now *Candius*, if thou begin to slip at beautie on a suddaine, thou wilt surfet with carousing it at the last. Remember that *Liuia* is faithfull, I, and let thine eyes witnesse *Silena* is amiable, heere shall I please my father and my selfe, I will learne to be obedient, and come what will, Ile make away, if shee seeme coy, Ile practise all the Art of

loue,

loue, if I her cunning, all the pleasures of loue.

*Sil.* My name is *Silena*, I care not who knowe it, so I doo not: my father keepes me close, so he does, and now I haue stolne out, so I haue, to go to olde *Bombie* to know my fortune, so I will, for I haue as faire a face as euer trode on shoo sole, and as free a foote as euer lookt with two eyes.

*Can.* What, *I* thinke she is lunatike or fooliſh? Thou art a foole *Candius*, so fair a face cannot be the scabbard of a fooliſh minde, madde she may bee, for comonly in beautie so rare, there falles passions extreame, loue and beautie disdaine a meane, not therefore because beautie is no vertue, but because it is happineſſe, & we schollers know that vertue is not to bee praised, but honoured. *I* will put on my beſt grace, sweet wench, thy face is louely, thy body comely, and all that the eyes can see inchanting, you see how vnacquainted *I* am bold to boord you.

*Sil.* My father boords me alreadie, therefore *I* care not if your name were *Geoffrey*.

*Cand.* She raues or ouer-reaches. *I* am one sweete soule that loues you, brought hither by report of your beautie, and here languiſheth with your rareneſſe.

*Si.* *I* thanke you that you would call.

*Cand.* *I* will alwaies call on such a Saint that hath power to releaſe my sorrowes, yeeld faire creature to loue.

*Sil.* *I* am notte of that sect.

*Candius.* Thy louing sect is an auncient sect, and an honourable, and therefore should bee in a person so perfect.

*Sil.* Much.

*Cand.* I

*Cand.* Ilouethee much, giue mee one word of comfort.

*Sil.* I faith sir no, and so tell your Maister.

*Cand.* I haue no Maister, but come to make choise of a Mistresse.

*Sil.* A ha, are you there with your beares.

*Can.* Doubtlesse she is an idiot of the newest cut, Ile once more trie her. I haue loued thee long *Silena*.

*Si.* In your tother hose.

*Can.* Too simple to be naturall: too senslesse to be artificiall. You saide you went to knowe your fortune, I am a scholler, and am cunning in palmistrie.

*Sil.* The better for you sir, heeres my hand, whats a clocke?

*Can.* The line of life is good, *Venus* mount verie perfect, you shall haue a scholler to your first husband.

*Si.* You are well seene in cranes durt, your father was a Poulter, ha, ha, ha.

*Can.* Why laugh you?

*Si.* Because you should see my teeth.

*Can.* Alas poore wretch, I see now also thy follie, a faire foole is like a fresh weed, pleasing leaues, and sowre iuyce. I will not yet leaue her, she may dissemble. I cannot chuse but loue thee.

*Si.* I had thought to aske you.

*Can.* Nay then farewell, either too proude to accept, or too simple to vnderstand.

*Si.* You neede not bee so crustie, you are not so harde backt.

*Can.* Now I perceiue thy follie, who hath rackt togither all the odde blinde phrases, that helpe them that know not how to discourse, but when they cannot aunswere wiselie,

either

either with gybing couer their rudeneſſe, or by ſome new coyned buy word bewraie their peeuiſhneſſe, I am glad of this, now ſhall I haue colour to refuſe the match, and my father reaſon to accept of *Liuia*: I will home, and repeat to my father our wiſe incounter, and he ſhall perceiue there is nothing ſo fulſome as a ſhe foole.

*Exit.*

*Liu.* Good God, I thinke Gentlemen had neuer leſſe wit in a yeare. We maides are mad wenches, we gird them and flout them out of all ſcotch and notch, and they cannot ſee it, I will know of the old woman whether I be a maide or no, and then, if I bee not, I muſt needs be a man. God bee here.

*Enter mother Bombie.*

*Bom.* Whoſe there?

*Sil.* One that would be a maide.

*Bom.* If thou be not, it is impoſsible thou ſhould be, and a ſhame thou art not.

*Sil.* They ſay you are a witch.

*Bom.* They lie, I am a cunning woman.

*Sil.* Then tell me ſomething.

*Bom.* Hold vp thy hand, not ſo high, thy father knowes thee not, thy mother bare thee not, falſelie bred, truelie begot: choiſe of two husbandes, but neuer tied in bands, becauſe of loue and naturall bonds.

*Si.* I thanke you for nothing, becauſe I vnderſtand nothing: though you be as olde as you are, yet am I as yong as I am, and becauſe that I am ſo faire, therefore are you ſo foule, and ſo farewel froſt, my fortune naught me cc ſt.

*Exit.*

*Bom.* Farewell faire foole, little doeſt thou knowe thy hard fortune, but in the end thou ſhalt, and that muſt be-

wraie what none can discouer, in the meane season I will professe cunning for all commers. *Exit.*

Act. 2. Sce. 4.

*Dromio. Risio. Lucio. Halfepenie.*

*Dro.* We are all taken tardie.

*Ris.* Our Maisters will be ouertaken if they tarrie.

*Half.* Now must euerie one by wit make an excuse, and euerie excuse must be cosonage.

*Lu.* Let vs remember our complot.

*Dro.* We will all plod on that, oh the wine hath turnde my wit to vineger.

*Ri.* You meane tis sharpe.

*Halfe.* Sharpe: Ile warrant t'will serue for as good sauce to knauerie as.

*Lu.* As what?

*Half.* As thy knauerie meate for his wit.

*Drom.* Wee must all giue a reckning for our daies trauell.

*Ri.* Tush, I am glad wee scapt the reckoning for our liquor. If you be examined how we met, sweare by chance, for so they met, and therfore will beleeue it: if how much we drunke, let them answere themselues, they know best because they paid it.

*Half.* Wee must not tarrie, *abeundum est mihi*, I must goe and cast this matter in a corner.

*Ipresequam*, a bowle, and Ile come after with a broome, euerie one remember his que.

*Ris.* I and his K. or else we shall thriue ill.

*Half.* When shall wee meet?

*Ri.* To morrow fresh and fasting.

*Dro.* Fast eating our meate, for wee haue drunke for to morrow, and to morrow we must eate for to day.

*Half.* Away,

*Ipra-sequar*

*Half.* Away, away, if ou maisters take vs heere, the matter is mard.

*Lu.* Let vs euerie one to his taske.

*Exeunt.*

Act. 2 Sce. 5.

*Memphio. Stellia. Prisius. Sperantus.*

*Mem.* How quickly we met on a suddaine in a tauerne, that drunke not togither almost these thirtie yeares.

*Stel.* A Tauerne is the Randeuous, the Exchange, the staple for good fellowes: I haue heard my great Grandfather tell how his great Grandfather should say, that it was an old prouerbe, when his great Grandfather was a child, that it was a good winde that blew a man to the wine.

*Pri.* The olde time was a good time, ale was an auncient drinke, and accounted of our aunce stors autenticall, Gascone wine was liquor for a Lord. Sacke, a medicine for the sicke: and I may tell you, he that had a cup of red wine to his oysters, was hoisted in the Queens subsidie booke.

*Spe.* I but now you see to what loosenesse this age is growne, our boyes carouse sacke like dubble beere, and saith, that which doth an olde man good, can do a young man no harme: olde men (saie they) eate pap, why should not yong men drinke sacke, their white heads haue counted time out of minde our yong yeares.

*Mem.* Well, the world is wanton since I knewe it first, our boies put as much wine in their bellies in an houre, as would cloath their whole bodies in a yeare: and as I haue heard, it was as much as bought *Rufus*, some time king of this land, a paire of hose.

*Pri.* Ist possible?

*Stel.* Nay tis true, they say ale is out of request, tis hogs

porredge, broath for beggers, a caudle for Constables, watchmens mouth glew, the better it is, the more like bird lime it is, and neuer makes one staied but in the stocks.

*Memph.* Ile teach my wag-halter to know grapes from barley.

*Pri.* And I mine, to discerne a spigot from a faucet.

*Spe.* And I mine, to indge the difference betweene a blacke boule and a siluer goblet.

*Stel.* And mine shall learne the oddes betweene a stand and a hogs head, yet I cannot chuse but laugh to see how my wag aunswered me, when I strooke him for drinking sacke.

*Pri.* Why what said he?

*Stel.* Maister, it is the soueraignest drinke in the world, and the safest for all times & weathers, if it thunder, thogh all the ale and beere in the towne turne, it will be constant, if it lighten, and that any fire come to it, it is the apest wine to burne, and the most wholesomest when it is burnt. So much for Summer. If it freeze, why it is so hot in operation, that no Ise can congeale it: if it raine, why then he that cannot abide the heate of it, may put in water. So much for winter. And so ranne his way, but Ile ouertake him.

*Spe.* Who would thinke that my hoppe on my thumbe, *Halfepenie*, scarce so high as a pinte pot, would reason the matter, but he learnde his leere of my sonne, his young Maister, whom I haue brought vp at *Oxford*, and I thinke must learne here in *Kent* of *Ashford*.

*Memph.* Why what said he?

*Spe.* He boldly rapt it out, *Sine Cere & Bacchofriget Venus*, without wine and sugar his veins would waxe colde.

*Memph.* They were all in a pleasant vaine, but I must be gone, and take account of my boyes businesse, farewell neigh-

neighbours, God knowes when wee shall meete againe, yet I haue discouered nothing, my wine hath beene my wittes friend, I long to heare what *Dromio* hath done.

*Exit.*

*Stel.* I cannot staie, but this good fellow shippe shall cost me the setting on at our next meeting, I am glad I blabde nothing of the mariage, now I hope to compasse it, I know my boy hath beene bungling about it.

*Exit.*

*Pri.* let vs all go, for I must to my cloaths that hang on the tenters, my boy shall hang with them, if hee answere mee not his daies worke.

*Exit.*

*Spe.* If all be gone, Ile not staie, *Palfpenie* I am sure hath done me a pennie woorth of good, else Ile spend his body in buying a rod.

*Exit.*

## Act. 3. Sce. 1.

*Mæstius Serena.*

*Mæst.* Sweete sister, I knowe not how it commeth to passe, but I finde in my selfe passions more than brotherly.

*Ser.* And I deare brother finde my thoughts intangled with affections beyond nature, which so flame into my distempered head, that I can neither without danger smother the fire, nor without modestie disclose my furie.

*Mæst.* Our Parents are poore, our loue vnnaturall, what can then happen to make vs happie?

*Ser.* Onely to be content with our fathers meane estate, to combat against our owne intemperate desires, and yeeld to the successe of fortune, who though she hath framde vs miserable, cannot make vs monstrous.

*Maſt.* It is good counſell faire ſiſter, if the neceſſitie of loue could be releeued by counſell, yet this is our comfort, that theſe vnnaturall heates haue ſtretched themſelues no further than thoghts, vnhappie me that they ſhould ſtretch ſo.

*Maſt.* So it is *Serena*, the nearer wee are in blood, the further we muſt be from loue, & the greater the kindred is, the leſſe the kindneſſe muſt bee, ſo that betweene brothers and ſiſters ſuperſtition hath made affection cold, betweene ſtrangers cuſtome hath bred loue exquiſit.

*Ser.* They ſay there is hard by an olde cunning woman, who can tell fortunes, expound dreames, tell of things that be loſt, and diuine of accidents to come, ſhee is called the good woman, who yet neuer did hurt.

*Maſt.* Nor any good I thinke *Serena*, yet to ſatiſfie thy minde, wee will ſee what ſhe can ſay.

*Ser.* Good brother let vs.

*Maſt.* Who is within?

*Enter mother Bombie.*

*Bom.* The Dame of the houſe.

*Maſt.* She might haue ſaid the beldam, for her face and yeares, and attire.

*Ser.* Good mother tell vs, if by your cunning you can, what ſhall become of my brother and me?

*Bom.* Let me ſee your hands, and looke on me ſtedfaſtly with your eyes. You ſhall bee married to morrow hand in hand, by the lawes of God, nature, and the land, your parents ſhall be glad, and giue you their land, you ſhall each of you diſplace a foole, and both togither muſt releeue a foole. If this be not true, then call me olde foole.

*Maſt.* This is my ſiſter, marrie wee cannot; our Parents

are

are poore, & haue no land to giue vs: each of vs is a fool, to come for counsell to such an olde foole.

*Ser.* These doggrell rimes and obscure words, comming out of the mouth of such a weather-beaten witch, are thought diuinations of some holy spirit, being but dreams of decayed braines: for mine owne part, I would thou mightest sit on that stoole, till he and I marrie by lawe.

*Bom.* I say, mother *Bombie* neuer speakes but once, and yet neuer spake vntrueth once.

*Ser.* Come brother, let vs to our poore home, this is our comfort, to bewraie our passions, since wee cannot enioy them.

*Maſt.* Content sweete sister, and learne of me hereafter, that these olde sawes of such olde hags, are but false fires to leade one out of a plaine path into a deepe pit.

*Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Sce. 3:

*Dromio. Risio. Halfepenie. Lucio.*

*Dro. Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiõtius auro*, the time was, wherein wit would worke like waxe, and crock vp golde like honnie.

*Ri. At nunc barbarie eſt grandis habere nihil*, but now witte and honestie buy nothing in the market.

*Dro.* What *Risio*, how spedst thou after thy potting?

*Ri.* Nay, my maister roong al in the tauern, and thrust al out in the house. But how spedst thou?

*Dro.* I, it were a daies worke to discourse it, he spake nothing but sentences, but they were vengible long ones, for when one word was out, he made pause of a quarter long, till he spake another.

*Ri.* Why what did he in all that time?

*Dro.* Breake

*Dro.* Breake interiections like winde, as eho, ho, to.

*Ri.* And what thou?

*Drom.* Answere him in his owne language, as *euax vah, hui.*

*Ri.* These were coniunctions rather than interiections. But what of the plot?

*Dro.* As we concluded, I tolde him that we vnderstood that *Silena* was verie wise, & could sing exceedingly, that my deuise was, seeing *Accius* his sonne a proper youth, and could also sing sweetely, that hee should come in the nick when shee was singing, and answere her.

*Ri.* Excellent.

*Dro.* Then he asked how it should be deuised that shee might come abroad, I tolde that was cast alreadie by my meanes, then the song beeing ended, and they seeing one another, noting the apparrell, and thanking the personages, hee should call in his sonne for feare he should ouerreach his speech.

*Ri.* Verie good.

*Dro.* Then that I had gotten a young Gentleman, that resembled his sonne in years and fauour, that hauing *Accius* apparrell should court *Silena*, whom she finding wise, would after that by small intreatie be wonne without my words, and so the marriage clapt vp by this cosonage, and his sonne neuer speake word for himselfe.

*Ri.* Thou boy, so haue I done in euerie poynt, for the song, & calling her in, & the hoping that another shal woo *Accius*, and his daughter wed him, I tolde him this wooing should be to night, and they early married in the morning, without any wordes sauing to say after the Priest.

*Dro.* All this fodges well, now if *Halfepenie* & *Lucio* haue playde their parts, we shall haue excellent sport, and heere they

they come. How wrought the wine my laddes?

*Enter Halfepenie, Lucio.*

*Half.* How? like wine, for my bodie being the rundlet, and my mouth the vent, it wrought two daies ouer, till I had thought the hoopes of my head would haue flowen asunder.

*Lu.* The best was, our maisters were as well whitled as wee, for yet they lie by it.

*Ri.* The better for vs, wee did but a little parboile our liuers, they haue sod theirs in sacke these fortie yeares.

*Hal.* That makes them spit white broath as they do. But to the purpose. *Candius* and *Liuia* will send their attires, you must send the apparrell of *Accius* and *Silena*, they wonder wherefore, but commit the matter to our quadrapertit wit.

*Lu.* If you keepe promise to marie them by your deuise, and your Parents consent, you shall haue tenne pounds a peece for your paines.

*Dro.* If we do it not we are vndone, for we haue broacht a coosonage alreadie, and my maister hath the tap in his hand, that it must needes runne out, let them be ruld, and bring hither their apparrell, and wee will determine, the rest commit to our intricate considerations, depart.

*Exeunt Halfepenie, Lucio. Enter Accius and Silena.*

*Dro.* Here comes *Accius* tuning his Pipes, I perceiue my Maister keepes touch.

*Ri.* And here comes *Silena* with her wit of proofe, marie it wil scarce hold our question shot, let vs in to instruct our maisters in the que.

*Dra.* Come let vs bee iogging, but wert not a world to heare them woe one another.

*Ri.* That shall bee hereafter to make vs sport, but our maisters shall neuer knowe it. *Exeunt.*

*Memphio and Stellio singing.*

Act. 3. Sce. 3.

*Memphio and Stellio.*

*Mem.* *Accius* come in, and that quickly, what walking without leaue?

*Stel.* *Silena*, I pray you looke homeward, it is a cold aire, and you want a mufler.

*Exeunt Accius and Silena.*

*Mem.* This is pat, if the reſt proceed, *Stellio* is like to marrie his daughter to a foole, but a bargaine is a bargaine.

*Stel.* This frames to my wiſh, *Memphio* is like to marrie a foole to his ſonne, *Accius* tongue ſhall tie all *Memphios* land to *Silenas* dowrie, let his fathers teeth vndo them if he can: but heere I ſee *Memphio*. I muſt ſeem kinde, for in kindneſſe lies cooſnage.

*Mem.* Well, here is *Stellio*, Ile talke of other matters, and flie from the marke I ſhoot at, lapwing-like flying far from the place where I neſtle. *Stellio*, what make you abroad? I heard you were ſicke ſince our laſt drinking.

*Stel.* You ſee reports are no trueths, I heard the like of you, and wee are both well. I perceiue ſober men tell moſt likes, for in *vino veritas*, If they had drunke wine, they would haue told the trueth.

*Mem.* Our boies will be ſure then neuer to lie, for they are euer ſwilling of wine: but *Stellio* I muſt ſtraine curſie with you, I haue buſineſſe I cannot ſtay.

*Stel.* In good time, *Memphio*, for I was about to craue your patience to depart, it ſtands me vppon. Perhaps moouc his patience ere it be long.

*Mem.* Good ſillie *Stellio*, we muſt buckle ſhortlie.

*Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Sce. 4.

*Halfepenie,*

*Halfepenie. Lucio. Rixula. Dromio. Risio.*

*Luc.* Come *Rixula*, wee haue made thee priuie to our whole packe, there laie downe the packe.

*Rix.* I beleeue vnlesse it bee better handled, we shall out of doores.

*Half.* I care not, *Omnem solum forti patria*, I can liue in Christendome as w eil as in *Kent*.

*Lu.* And Ile sing *P atria vbicunque bene*, euerie house is my home, where I may stanch hunger.

*Rix.* Nay if you set all on hazard, though I bee a poore wench, I am as hardie as you both, I cannon speake Latin, but in plain English, if any thing fall out crosse, Ile runne away.

*Half.* He loues thee well that would runne after.

*Rix.* Why Halfepenie, theres no goose so gray in the lake, that cannot finde a gander for her make.

*Lu.* I loue a nutbrown lasse, tis good to recreate.

*Halfe.* Thou meanest, a browne nut is good to cracke.

*Lu.* Why would it not do thee good to crack such a nut?

*Halfe.* I feare she is worme-eaten within, she is so moth-eaten without.

*Rix.* If you take your pleasure of me, Ile in and tell your practises against your Maisters.

*Half.* In faith soure hart, he that takes his pleasure on thee, is verie pleasurable.

*Rix.* You meane knauishly, and yet I hope foule water wil quench hot fire assoone as faire.

*Half.* Wel then, let faire words coole that cholar, which foule words hath kindled, and because we are al in this case, and hope all to haue good fortune, sing a roundelay, and weele helpe, such as thou wast wont when thou beatest hempe.

*Lu.* It was crabs she stampt, and stole away one to make her a face.

*Rix.* I agree, in hope that the hempe shall come to your wearing, a halfepenie halter may hang you both, that is, Halfepenie and you may hang in a halter.

*Half.* Well brought about.

*Rix.* I will when tis about your neck.

*Lu.* Nay, now shees in, she will neuer out.

*Rix.* Nor when your heades are in, as it is likely, they should not come out. But harken to my song, *Cantant.*

*Enter Dromio, Rosio.*

*Dro.* Yonder stands the wags, I am come in good time.

*Ri.* All heere before me, you make hast.

*Rix.* I beleeue to hanging, for I thinke you haue al robd your maisters, heeres euerie man his baggage.

*Half.* That is, wee are all with thee, for thou art a very baggage.

*Rix.* Hold thy peace, or of mine honestie Ile buy an halfpenie purse with thee.

*Dro.* Indeed thats big ynough to put thy honestie in, but come, shall we go about the matter?

*Lu.* Now it is come to the pinch my heart pants.

*Half.* I for my part am resolute, *in vtramque paratus*, readie to die or to runne away.

*Lu.* But heere me, I was troubled with a vile dreame, and therefore it is little time spent to let mother *Bombie* expound it, she is cunning in all things.

*Dro.* Then will I know my fortune.

*Rix.* And Ile aske for a siluer spoone which was lost last day, which I must pay for.

*Ri.* And Ile know what will become of our deuises.

*Half.* And

*Half.* And I.

*Dro.* Then let vs all go quickly, we must not sleep in this businesse, our maisters are so watchfull about it.

*Bom.* Why do you rap so hard at the doore?

*Dro.* Because we would come in.

*Bom.* Nay my house is no Inne.

*Hal.* Crosse your selues, looke how she lookes.
Marke her not, sheele turne vs all to Apes.

*Bomb.* What would you with me?

*Ri.* They say you are cunning, and are called the good woman of *Rochester*.

*Bom.* If neuer to do harme, bee to do good, I dare say I am not ill. But whats the matter?

*Lu.* I had an ill dreame, and desire to know the significacation. *Bom.* Dreames my sonne haue their weight, though they bee of a troubled minde, yet are they signes of fortune. Saie on.

*Lu.* In the dawning of the day, for about that time by my starting out of my sleep, I found it to bee, me thought I saw a stately peece of beefe, with a cape cloke of cabidge, imbrodered with pepper, hauing two honourable pages with hats of mustarde on their heades, himselfe in great pompe sitting vpō a cushion of white Brewish, lnde with browne bread, me thought being powdred, he was much troubed with the salt rume, and therefore there stoode by him two great flagons of wine and beere, the one to drie vp his rume, the other to quench his cholar, I as one enuying his ambition, hungring and thirsting after his honour, beganne to pull his cushion from vnder him, hoping by that meanes to giue him a fall, and with putting out my hand I awakt, and found nothing in all this dreame about me but the salt rume.

*Dro.* A dreame for a butcher.

*Lu.* Soft let me end it, then *I* ſlumbred againe, and mee thought there came in a leg of mutton.

*Dro.* What all groſe meat? a racke had been daintie.

*Lu.* Thou fool, how could it come in? vnleſſe it had bin a leg, me thought his hoſe were cut and drawne out with parſlie, I thruſt my hand into my pocket for a knife, thinking to hoxe him, and ſo awakt.

*Bom.* Belike thou wentſt ſupperleſſe to bed.

*Lu.* So I doo euerie night but Sundaies, *Priſcus* hath a weake ſtomacke, and therefore we muſt ſtarue.

*Bom.* Well, taketh is for anſwere, though the dream be fantaſticall, they that in the morning ſleepe dreame of eating, are in danger of ſickneſſe, or of beating, or ſhall heare of a wedding freſh a beating.

*Lu.* This may be true.

*Half.* Nay then let me come in with a dreame, ſhort but ſweete, that my mouth waters euer ſince I wakt. Mee thought there ſate vpon a ſhelfe three damaske prunes in veluet caps, and preſt ſatten gownes like Iudges, and that there were a whole handful of currants to be arraigned of a riot, becauſe they clunged togither in ſuch cluſters, twelue raiſons of the ſunne were impannelled in a Iewrie, and as a leafe of whole maſe which was Bailiffe, was carrying the queſt to conſult, me thought there came an angrie cooke, and gelded the Iewrie of their ſtones, and ſwept both Iudges, Iurers, rebels, and Bailiffe into a porrage pot, whereat I beeing melancholy, fetcht a deepe ſigh, that wakt my ſelfe and my bedfellow.

*Dro.* This was deuiſde not dreamt, and the more fooliſh beeing no dreame, for that dreames excuſe the fantaſticalneſſe.

*Half.* Then

*Half.* Then aske my bed-fellow, you know him, who dreamt that night that the king of *Diamonds* was ſicke.

*Bom.* But thy yeares and humours pretie childe, are ſubiect to ſuch fancies, which the more vincible they ſeeme, the more fantaſticall they are, therefore this dreame is eaſie. To children, this is giuen from the Gods to dream of milke, fruit, babies, and rods, they betoken nothing, but that wantons muſt haue rods.

*Dro.* Ten to one thy dreame is true, thou wilt bee ſwinged.

*Rix.* Nay Gammer, I pray you tell mee who ſtole my ſpoone out of the buttrie?

*Bom.* Thy ſpoone is not ſtolne but miſlaide, thou art an ill huſwife, though a good maid, look for thy ſpoon where thou hadſt like to be no maid.

*Rix.* Bodie of me let mee fetch the ſpoone, I remember the place.

*Lu.* Soft ſwift, the place if it be there now, will be there to morrow.

*Rix.* I but perchance the ſpoone will not.

*Half.* Wert thou once put to it?

*Rix.* No ſir boy, it was put to me.

*Lu.* How was it miſt?

*Dro,* Ile warrant for want of a miſt. But whats my fortune mother?

*Bom.* Thy father doth liue becauſe he doth die, thou haſt ſpent all thy thrift with a die, and ſo like a begger thou ſhalt die.

*Ri.* I I would haue likt well if all the gerundes had been there, *di, do,* and *dum,* but all in die, thats too deadly.

*Dro.* My

*Dro.* My father indeed is a Diar, but I haue been a dicer, but to die a beggar, giue mee leaue not to beleeue mother *Bombie*, and yet it may bee. I haue nothing to liue by but knauerie, & if the world grow honeſt, welcome beggerie. But what haſt thou to ſay *Riſio*?

*Ri.* Nothing, till I ſee whether all this bee true that ſhee hath ſaid.

*Half.* I, *Riſio* would faine ſee thee beg.

*Ri.* Nay mother tell vs this, what is all our fortunes, we are about a matter of legerdemaine, how will it fodge?

*Bom.* You ſhall all thriue like cooſoners, that is, to bee cooſoned by coſoners: all ſhall end well, and you be found cooſoners.

*Dro.* Gramercie mother *Bombie*, we are all pleaſd, if you were for your paines.

*Bom.* I take no mony, but good words, raile not if I tell true, if I do not reuenge. Farewell. *Exit Bom.*

*Dro.* Now haue wee nothing to do, but to go about this buſineſſe. *Accius* apparrel let *Candius* put on, and I wil array *Accius* with *Candius* cloathes.

*Ri.* Here is *Silenas* attire, *Lucio* put it vpon *Liuia*, & giue me *Liuias* for *Silena*: this done, let *Candius* and *Liuia* come foorth, and let *Dromio* and me alone for the reſt.

*Halfe.* What ſhall become of *Accius* and *Silena*?

*Dro.* Tuſh, their turne ſhall be next, al muſt be done orderly, lets to it, for now it workes. *Exeunt.*

## Act. 4. Sce. 1.

*Candius. Liuia. Dromio. Riſio. Sperantus. Priſius.*

*Liu.* This attire is verie fit. But how if this make mee a foole, and *Silena* wiſe, you will then woo me, and wed her.

*Can.* Thou knoweſt that *Accius* is alſo a foole, and his raiment fits me: ſo that if apparrell be infectious, I am alſo like

to

to be a foole, and he wist what would bee the conclusion, I maruell. *Enter Dromio, Risio.*

*Li.* Here comes our Councellors.

*Dro.* Well said, I perceiue Turtles flie in couples.

*Ri.* Else how should they couple?

*Liu.* So do knaues go double, else how should they bee so cunning in doubling?

*Can. Bona verba Liuia.*

*Dro.* I vnderstand Latin, that is, *Liuia* is a good word.

*Can.* No, I bid her vse good words.

*Ri.* And what deeds?

*Can.* None but a deed of gift.

*Ri.* What gift?

*Can.* Her heart.

*Dro.* Giue me leaue to pose you though you be a graduate, for I tell you, wee in *Rochester* spur so many hackneys, that we must needs spurre schollers, for wee take them for hackneys. *Liu.* Why so sir boy?

*Dro.* Because I knew two hired for ten groats a peece to saie seruice on Sundaie, and thats no more then a post horse from hence to *Canterburie*.

*Ri.* Hee knowes what he saies, for hee once serued the Post-maister.

*Can.* Indeede I thinke hee serued some poast to his Maister, but come *Dromio post me*.

*Dro.* You say you would haue her heart for a deed.

*Can.* Well.

*Dro.* If you take her heart for *cor*, that heart in her body, then know this: *Male eius lœuibus, Cor enim inuiolabile telis:* A womans heart is thrust throgh with a feather: if you mean she should giue a heart named *Ceruus*, then are you worse, for *cornua ceruus habet*, that is, to haue ones heart grow out at his head, which will make one ake at the heart in their bodie. *Enter Prisius, Sperantus.*

*Liu.* I beshrew your hearts, I heare one comming, I know it is my father by his comming.

*Can.* What must we do?

*Dro.* Why as I tolde you, and let me alone with the olde men, fall you to your bridall.

*Pri.* Come neighbour, I perceiue the loue of our children waxeth cold. *Spe.* I think it was neuer but luke warm.

*Pri.* Bauins will haue their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one assoone quenched as the other burnt, but who be these?

*Can.* Here I do plight my faith, taking thee for the staffe of my age, and of my youth my solace.

*Liu.* And I vow to thee affection which nothing can dissolue, neither the length of time, nor mallice of fortune, nor distance of place. *Can.* But when shall we be married? *Liu.* A good question, for that one delay in wedding, bringeth an hundreth dangers in the Church, we will not bee askt, and a licence is too chargeable, & to tarrie till to morrow too tedious.

*Dro.* Theres a girle stands on prickes till she be married.

*Can.* To auoyde danger, charge and tediousnesse, let vs now conclude it in the next Church. *Liu.* Agreed.

*Pri.* What be these that hasten so to marrie?

*Dro.* Marrie sir, *Accius* sonne to *Memphio*, and *Silena Stellios* daughter.

*Spe.* I am sorrie neighbour, for our purposes are disappoynted.

*Pri.* You see marriage is destinie, made in heauen, thogh consumated on earth.

*Ri.* How like you them, be they not a pretie couple?

*Pri.* Yes God giue them ioy, seeing in spite of our hearts they must ioyne.

*Dro.* I am sure you are not angrie, seeing things past cannot be recalde, and beeing witnesses to their contract, will

bee

bee also welwillers to the match.

*Spe.* For my part I wish them well.

*Pri.* And I, and since there is no remedie, that I am glad of it.

*Riu.* But will you neuer hereafter take it in dugeon, but vse them as well as though your selues had made the marriage?

*Pri.* Not I.

*Spe.* Nor I.

*Dro.* Sir, heere two olde men are glad that your loues so long continued, is so happily concluded.

*Can.* We thanke them, and if they wil come to *Memphios* house, they shall take part of a hard dinner. This cottons and workes like wax in a sowes eare.

*Exeunt Candius, Liuia.*

*Pri.* Well, seeing our purposes are preuented, wee must lay plots, for *Liuia* shall not haue *Candius*.

*Spe.* Feare not, for I haue sworne that *Candius* shall not haue *Liuia*. But let not vs fal out because our children fal in.

*Pri.* Wilt thou go soone to *Memphios* house?

*Spe.* I, and if you will let vs, that we may see how the yong couple bride it, and so we may teach our owne.

*Exeunt.*

## Act. 4. Sce. 2

*Accius. Silena. Linceo. Halfpenie.*

*Lin.* By this time I am sure the wagges haue plaide their parts, there rests nothing now for vs, but to match *Accius* and *Silena*.

*Half.* It was too good to be true. for wee should laugh heartily, and without laughing my spleene would split, but whist, here comes the man.

*Enter Accius.*

And yonder the maide, let vs stand aside.

*Enter Silena.*

*Acc.* What meanes my father to thrust me foorth in an other boies coate? Ile warrant tis to as much purpose as a hem in the forehead.

*Hal.* There was an ancient Prouerb knockt in the head.

*Acc.* I am almost come into my nonage, and yet I neuer was so farre as the prouerbes of this cittie.

*Liu.* Theres a quip for the subburbes of *Rochester*.

*Half.* Excellently applied.

*Sil:* Well, though this furniture make me a sullen dame, yet I hope in mine owne I am no saint.

*Half.* A braue fight is like to be betweene a cocke with a long combe, and a hen with a long leg.

*Siu.* Nay, her wits are shorter then her legges.

*Half.* And his combe longer then his wit.

*Ac.* I haue yonder vncouered a faire girle, Ile be so bold as spur her, what might a bodie call her name?

*Sil.* I cannot help you at this time, I pray you come again to morrow. *Half.* I marie sir.

*Acc.* You need not bee so lustie, you are not so honest.

*Sil.* I crie you mercie, I tooke you for a ioynd stoole.

*Liu.* Heeres courting for a conduit or a bakehouse.

*Sil.* But what are you for a man? me thinkes you looke as pleaseth God. *Ac.* What do you giue me the bootes?

*Half.* Whither will they, here be right coblers cuts.

*Ac.* I am taken with a fit of loue: haue you any mind of marriage? *Sil.* I had thought to haue askt you.

*Ac.* Vpon what acquaintance?

*Sil.* Who would haue thought it?

*Ac.* Much in my gascoins, more in my round hose, all my fathers are as white as daisies, as an egge full of meat.

*Sil.* And all my fathers plate is made of Crimson veluet.

*Ac.* Thats braue with bread.

*Half.* These three had wise men to their fathers.

*Liu.* Why? *Half.* Be-

*Half.* Because when their bodies were at worke about houshold-stuffe, their minds were busied about common-wealth matters.

*Ac.* This is pure lawne: What call you this, a pretie face to your haire?

*Sil.* Wisely you haue pickt a raison out of a fraile of figs.

*Ac.* Take it as you list, you are in your owne cloathes.

*Sil.* Sauing a reuerence thats a lie, my cloaths are better, my father borrowed these.

*Acc.* Long may hee so do, I could tell that these are not mine, if I would blab it like a woman.

*Sil.* I had as liefe you should tell them it snowd.

*Lu.* Come let vs take them off, for we haue had the cream of them.

*Half.* Ile warrant if this be the creame, the milke is verie flat, let vs ioyne issue with them.

*Lu.* To haue such issue of our bodies, is worse then haue an issue in the bodie. God saue you pretie mouse.

*Sil.* You may command and go without.

*Half.* Theres glicke for you, let me haue my girde, on thy conscieuce tell me what it is a clocke?

*Sil.* I crie you mercie, I haue kild your cushion.

*Half.* I am paide and strooke dead in the neast, I am sure this soft youth, who is not halfe so wise as you are faire, nor you altogither so fair as he is foolish, wil not be so captious.

*Ac.* Your eloquence passe my recognoscence.

*Enter Memphio, Stellio.*

*Lu.* I neuer heard that before, but shall wee two make a match betweene you?

*Sil.* Ile know first who was his father.

*Ac.* My father, what need you to care, I hope hee was none of yours.

*Half.* A hard queſtion, for it is oddes but one begat them both, hee that cut out the vpper leather, cut out the inner, and ſo with one awle ſtirch two ſoles togither.

*Mem.* What is ſhe? *Half.* Tis *Priſius* daughter.

*Mem.* In good time it fodges.

*Ste.* What is he? *Lin.* *Sperantus* ſonne.

*Stel.* So twill cotten.

*Ac.* Damzel, I pray you how olde are you?

*Mem.* My ſonne would ſcarce haue askt ſuch a fooliſh queſtion.

*Sil.* I ſhall bee eighteene next beare-baiting.

*Stel.* My daughter would haue made a wiſer anſwere.

*Half.* O how fitlie this comes off!

*Acc.* My father is a ſcolde, whats yours?

*Mem.* My heart throbs, I looke him in the face, and yonder I eſpie *Stellio.*

*Stel.* My mind miſgiues me, but whiſt, yonder is *Mem.*

*Ac.* In faith I perceiue an olde ſawe and a ruſtie, no foole to the olde foole. I pray you wherefore was I thruſt out like a ſcar-crow in this ſimilitude?

*Mem.* My ſonne and I aſhamde, *Dromio* ſhall die.

*Sil.* Father, are you ſneaking behinde, I pray you what muſt *I* do next?

*Stel.* My daughter, *Riſio* thou haſt coſoned me.

*Lin.* Now beginnes the game.

*Mem.* How came you hither?

*Ac.* Marie by the way from your houſe hither.

*Mem.* How chance in this attire?

*Ac.* How chance *Dromio* bid me?

*Mem.* Ah thy ſon will be begd for a conceald foole.

*Ac.* Will I, I faith ſir no.

*Stel.* Wherefore came you hither *Silena* without leaue?

*Sil.* Becauſe I did, and I am heere becauſe I came.

*Stel.* Poore wench, thy wit is improoued to the vttermoſt.

*Half.* I,

*Half:* I, tis an hard matter to haue a wit of the olde rent, euerie one rackes his commons so high.

*Mem:* *Dromio* tolde mee that one should meete Stellios daughter, and court her in person of my son, and pleade in place of my daughter.

*Mem:* But alas I see that my sonne hath met with Silena himselfe, and bewraide his follie.

*Stel:* But I see my daughter hath pratled with *Accius*, and discouered her simplicitie.

*Liu:* A braue crie to heare the two olde mules to weepe ouer the yong fooles.

*Mem:* Accius, how likest thou Silena?

*Ac:* I take her to be repugnant.

*Sil:* Trulie his talke is verie personable.

*Stel:* Come in girle, this geare must be fetcht about.

*Mem:* Come *Accius* let vs go in.

*Liu:* Nay sir, there is no harme done, they haue neither bought nor solde, they may be twinnes for their wits and yeares.

*Mem:* But why diddest thou tell me it was Prisius son?

*Half:* Because I thought thee a foole, to aske who thine owne sonne was.

*Liu:* And so sir for your daughter, education hath done much, otherwise they are by nature soft witted ynough.

*Mem:* Alas, their ioynts are not yet tied, they are not yet come to yeares and discretion:

*Ac:* Father, if my hands be tied, shall I grow wise?

*Half:* I and Silena too, if you tie them fast to your tongues.

*Sil:* You may take your pleasure of my tongue, for it is no mans wife.

*Mem:* Come in *Accius*.

*Stel:* Come in Silena, I will talke with Memphios sonne, but as for Risio.

*Mem:* As

*Mem.* As for *Dromio*. *Exeunt Memphio, Accius, Stellio. Si.* *Half.* Asse for you all foure. *Enter Dromio, Risio.*

*Dro.* How goes the world, now wee haue made all sure, *Candius* and *Liuia* are married, their fathers consenting, yet not knowing.

*Liu.* Wee haue flat marde all, *Accius* and *Silena* courted one another, their fathers tooke them napping, both are ashamed, and you both shall be swinged.

*Ri.* Tush, let vs alone, wee will perswade them that all falles out for the best, for if I vnderstand, this match had been concluded, they both had beene coosoned, and now seeing they find both to be fooles, they may be both better aduised. But why is Halfepenie so sad?

*Enter Hackneyman, Sergeant.*

*Half.* Because I am sure I shall neuer be a pennie.

*Ri.* Rather pray there be no fall of mony, for thou wilt then go for a que.

*Dro.* But did not the two fooles currantly court one an other?

*Liu.* Verie good wordes fittely applied, brought in the nicke. *Serg.* I arrest you.

*Dro.* Me sir, why then didst not bring a stoole with thee, that I might sit downe?

*Hack.* He arrests you at my sute for a horse.

*Ri.* The more asse he, if he had arrested a mare in stead of an horse, it had been a slight ouersight, but to arrest a man that hath no likenesse of a horse, is flat lunasie or alecie.

*Hack.* Tush, I hired him a horse.

*Dro.* I sweare then he was well ridden.

*Hack.* I thinke in two daies he was neuer baited.

*Half.* Why was it a beare thou ridst on?

*Hack.* I meane he neuer gaue him baite.

*Liu.* Why he tooke him for no fish.

*Hack.* I mistake none of you when I take you for fooles,

I say

I saie thou neuer gauest my horse meate?

*Dro.* Yes, in foure and fortie houres I am sure hee had a bottell of hay as big as his bellie.

*Serg.* Nothing else, thou shouldst haue giuen him prouender. *Ri.* Why he neuer askt any.

*Hack.* Why, doest thou thinke an horse can speake?

*Dro.* No, for I spurde him till my heeles akt, and he said neuer a word.

*Hack.* Well, thou shalt pay sweetlie for spoiling him, it was as lustie a nag as any in *Rochester*, and one that would stand vpon no ground.

*Dro.* Then hee is as good as euer hee was, Ile warrant heele do nothing but lie downe.

*Hack.* I lent him thee gently.

*Dro.* And I restored him so gently, that he neither wold crie wyhie, nor wag the taile.

*Hack.* But why didst thou boare him through the eares?

*Liu.* It may be he was set on the pillorie, because he had not a true pace. *Half.* No. it was for tiring.

*Hack.* He would neuer tire, it may bee hee would bee so wearie, he would go no further, or so.

*Dro.* Yes he was a notable horse for seruice, hee would tire, and retire.

*Hac.* Do you thinke Ile be iested out of my horse? Sergeant wreake thine office on him.

*Ri.* Nay, let him be bailde.

*Hack.* So he shall when I make him a bargaine.

*Dro.* It was a verie good horse I must needs confesse, and now hearken of his quallities, and haue patience to heare them, since I must pay for him. Hee would stumble three houres in one mile, I had thoght I had rode vpon addeces betweene this and *Canterburie*: if one gaue him water, why he would lie downe and bath himselfe like a hauke: if one ranne him, he would simper and mumpe, as thogh he had

gone

gon a wooing to a malt-mare at *Rochester*: he trotted before and ambled behinde, and was so obedient, that hee would do dutie euerie minute on his knees, as thogh euerie stone had bin his father.

*Hack.* I am sure he had no diseases.

*Dro.* A little rume or pose, he lackt nothing but an handkercher.

*Serg.* Come, what a tale of a horse haue we heare, I cannot staie, thou must with me to prison.

*Li.* If thou bee a good hackneyman, take all our foure bonds for the paiment, thou knowest we are towne borne children, and will not shrinke the cittie for a pelting iade.

*Half.* Ile enter into a stature Marchant to see it aunswered. But if thou wilt haue bonds, thou shalt haue a bushell full.

*Hack*: Alas poore ant, thou bound in a stature marchant: a browne threed will bind thee fast ynough: but if you will bee content all foure ioyntly to enter into a bonde, I will withdraw the action.

*Dro.* Yes Ile warrant they will. How saie you?

*Half.* I yeeld. *Ri.* And I. *Liu*: And I.

*Hack.* Well call the Scriuener.

*Seg:* Heeres one hard by, Ile call him.

*Ri*: A Scriueners shop hangs to a Sergeants mase, like a burre to a freeze coat. *Scri:* Whats the matter?

*Hack*: You must take a note of a bond.

*Dro:* Nay, a pinte of curtesie pulles on a pot of wine, in this Tauerne weele dispatch.. *Hack*: Agreed. *Exeunt.*

*Ri*: Now if our wits bee not in the waine, our knauerie shall be at the full, they will ride them woorse then *Dromio* rid his horse, for if the wine maister their wits, you shall see them bleed their follies. *Exit.*

Act. 5. Sce. 8

*Dro: Risio, Linceo, Halfpenie.*

*Dro:* Euerie foxe to his hole, the hounds are at hand.

*Ri:* The Sergeants mase lies at pawne for the reckoning, and he vnder the boord to cast it vp.

*Liu:* The Scriuener cannot keepe his pen out of the pot, euerie goblet is an inkhorne.

*Half:* The hackney man he whiskes with his wand, as if the Tauerne were his stable, and al the seruants his horses, ioste there vp, bay Richard, and white loaues are horsebread in his eyes.

*Dro.* It is wel I heue my acquaintance, and he such bonds as shall doo him no more good then the bond of a faggot, our knaueries are now come to the push, & we must cunningly dispatch all: wee two will go see how wee may appeale our maisters, you two how you may conceale your late marriage, if all fall out amisse, the woorst is beating, if to the best, the woorst is libertie. *Ri:* Then lets about it speedilie, for so many yrons in the fire togither require a diligent Plummer. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. Sce. 2.

*Vicina.* *Bombie.*

*Vic.* My heart throbbes, my eares tingle, my minde misgiues mee, since I heare some muttering of marriages in *Rochester*, my conscience which these eighteen years haue been frozen with this conieled guiltinesse, begins now to thawe in open greefe; but I wil not accuse my selfe till I see more danger, the good old woman mother *Bombie* shal trie her cunning vpon me, and if I perceiue my case is desperate by her, then will I rather preuent, although with shame, then report too late, and be inexcusable. God speed good mother. *Bom:* Welcome sister. *Vin:* I am troubled in the night with dreams, and in the day with feares, mine estate bare, which I cannot well beare, but my practises diuellish, which I cannot recall, if therefore in these same yeares there be any deep skil, tell what my fortune shal be,

*Bom.* In studying to be ouernaturall, thou art like to bee vnnaturall, and all about naturall: thou shalt bee eased of a charge, if thou thy conscience discharge, and this I commit to thy charge.

*Vic.* Thou hast toucht me to the quick mother, I vnderstand thy meaning, and thou well knowest my practise, I will follow thy counsell. But what will be the end?

*Bom.* Thou shalt know before this daie end. Farewell.

*Exit. Bom.*

*Vic.* Now I perceiue I must either bewraie a mischise, or suffer a continuall inconuenience, I must hast homewards, and resolue to make all whole, better a litle shame, than an infinit greefe, the straungenesse will abate the fault, and the bewraying, wipe it cleane away *Exit.*

Act. 5. Sce. 3.

*Three Fidlers. Syris. Nasutus. Bedunenus.*

*Syn.* Come fellowes, tis almost daie, let vs haue a fitte of mirth at *Sperantus* doore, and giue a song to the bride.

*Nas.* I beleeue they are a sleep, it were pittie to awake thē.

*Bed.* Twere a shame they should sleepe the first night.

*Syn.* But who can tell at which house they lie, at *Pirsius* it may be, weele trie both.

*Na.* Come lets drawe like men.

*Syn.* Now, tune, tune I say, that boy I thinke will neuer profit in his facultie, he looses his roson, that his fiddle goes cush, cush, like as one should go wet shod, and his mouth so drie, that he hath not spittle for his pinne as *I* haue.

*Bed.* Marie sir you see *I* go wetshod & drie mouthd, for yet could *I* neuer get new shooes or good drinke, rather than *Ile* lead this life, *Ile* throw my fiddle into the leads for a hobler.

*Syn.* Boy, no more words, there is time for all things, though *I* say it, that should not, *I* haue bin a minstrell these thirtie years, and tickled more strings than thou hast hairs,

*Naſ.* Let vs not brabble but play, to morrow is a new day.

*Bed.* *I* am ſorrie *I* ſpeake in your caſt, what ſhall we ſing?

*Syn.* The loue knot, for thats beſt for a bridal. Sing God morrow faire bride, and ſend you ioy of your bridall.

*Sperantus lookes out.*

*Spe.* What a miſchiefe make the twangers here? we haue no trenchers to ſcrape, it makes my teeth on edge to heare ſuch grating. Get you packing, or *I*le make you wear dubbie ſtockes, and yet you ſhall be neuer the warmer.

*Syn.* We come for goodwill, to bid the Bride and Bridegroome God giue them ioy.

*Spe.* Heres no wedding.

*Syn.* Yes, your ſonne and *Priſius* daughter were maried, thogh you ſeem ſtrange, yet they repent it not *I* am ſure.

*Spe.* My ſon villaine, *I* had rather he were fairely hanged.

*Naſ.* So he is ſir, you haue your wiſh. *Enter Candius.*

*Can.* Heere fidlers take this, and not a word, heere is no wedding, it was at *Memphios* houſe, yet gramercie, your muſick, though it miſt the houſe, hit the minde, we were a preparing our wedding geare.

*Syn.* *I* crie you mercie ſir, *I* thinke it was *Memphios* ſon that was married.

O ho, the caſe is altered, go thither then, and be haltered for me. *Naſ.* Whats the almes? *Syn.* An Angell.

*Bed.* *I*le warrant thers ſome worke towards, ten ſhillings is mony in Maiſter Maiors purſe.

*Syn.* Let vs to *Memphios* and ſhare equally, when wee haue done all, thou ſhalt haue new ſhooes.

*Bed.* *I*, ſuch as they crie at the Sizes, a marke in iſſues, and marke in iſſues, and yet *I* neuer ſawe ſo much lether as would peece my ſhooes.

*Syn.* No more, thers the mony.

*Bed.* A good handſell, and *I* thinke the maiden-head of your liberalitie.

*Naſ:* Come heres the houſe, what ſhall we ſing?

*Lyn:* You know *Memphio* is verie rich and wiſe, & therefore let vs ſtrike the gentle ſtroke, and ſing a catch, ſing.

*Naſ:* God morrow Miſtreſſe Bride, and ſend you a huddle.

*Mem:* What crouding kuaues haue we there, caſe vppe your fiddles, or the cunſtable ſhall cage you vp. What bride talke you of?

*Syn:* Heres a wedding in *Rocheſter*, and twas tolde mee firſt, that *Sperantus* ſon had married *Priſius* daughter, wee were there, and they ſent vs to your Worſhip: ſaying, your ſon was matched with *Stellios* daughter.

*Mem:* Hath *Sperantus* that churle nothing to do but mock with his neighbours, Ile be euen with him, and get you gone, or I ſweare by the roodes bodie, Ile lay you by the heeles.

*Naſ:* Sing a catch, heres a faires catch indeed, ſing till we catch cold on our feeet, and bee calde knaue till our eares glowe on our heads, your worſhip is wiſe ſir.

*Mem: Dromio* ſhake off a whole kennel of officers, to puniſh theſe iarring tongues, Ile teach them to ſtretch their dried ſheepes guttes at my doore, and to mocke one that ſtands to be Maior.

*Dro:* I had thought they had been ſticking of pigges, I heard ſuch a ſqueaking, I go ſir.

*Syn:* Let vs be packing.

*Naſ:* Where is my ſcabbard, euerie one ſheath his ſcience.

*Bed:* A bots on the ſhoomaker that made this boot for my fiddle, tis too ſtraight.

*Syn:* No more words, t will bee thought they were the foure waites, and let them wring, as for the wagges that ſet vs on worke, weele talke with them. *Exeunt.*

*Memphio,*

*Memphio, Dromio.* *Dro:* They be gone sir.

*Mem:* If they had stayed, the stockes should haue staied them. But sirra, what shall we now do?

*Dro:* As I aduise you make a match, for better one house be cumbred with two fooles then two.

*Mem:* Tis true, for it beeing bruted that each of vs haue a foole, who will tender marriage to any of them that is wise, besides, fooles are fortunate, fooles are faire, fooles are honest.

*Dro:* I sir, and more then that, fooles are not wise: a wise man is melancholie for moone-shine in the water, carefull building castles in the aire, and commonly hath a foole to his heire.

*Mem:* But what sayest thou to thy dames chafing?

*Dro:* Nothing but all her dishes are chafing-dishes.

*Mem:* I would her tongue were in thy bellie.

*Dro:* I had as liefe haue a rawe neates tongue in my stomacke. *Mem:* Why?

*Dr:* Marie if the clapper hang within an inch of my heart, that makes mine eares burne a quarter of a mile off. Do you not thinke it would beate my heart blacke and blew?

*Mem:* Well patience is a vertue, but pinching is woorse than any vice, I will breake this matter to *Stellio*, and if hee be willing, this day shall be their wedding.

*Dro:* Then this daie shall be my libertie.

*Mem:* I if *Stellios* daughter had beene wise, and by thy meanes cooloned of a foole.

*Dro:* Then sir *I* flereuolt, and dash out the braines of your deuises.

*Mem:* Rather thou shalt be free. *Exeunt.*

*Sperantus, Halfepenie, Prisius, Lincio.*

*Spe:* Boy, this smoake is token of some fire, I like not the lucke of it. Wherefore should these Minstrels dreame of a marriage?

*Half:* Alas

*Half.* Alas sir, they ruſtle into euerie place, giue credit to no ſuch words.

*Lpe.* I will to *Priſius*, I cannot be quiet, and in good time I meete him. God morrow neighbour.

*Pri.* I caſt the morrow in thy face, and bid good night to all neighbourhood.

*Spe.* This is your olde tricke, to pick ones purſe, & then to picke quarrels: I tell thee, I had rather thou ſhouldſt rob my cheſt, than imbeſell my ſonne.

*Pri.* Thy ſonne, my daughter is ſeduced, for I heare ſay ſhe is married, and our boies can tell. How ſayeſt thou, tell the trueth or Ile grinde thee to powdeded in my mill, Be they married?

*Liu.* True it is, they were both in a Church.

*Pri.* Thats no fault, the place is holy.

*Half.* And there was with them a Prieſt.

*Spe.* Why what place fitter for a Prieſt than a Church?

*Liu.* And they tooke one another by the hand.

*Pri.* Tuſh, thats but common curteſie.

*Half.* And the Prieſt ſpake many kinde words.

*Spe.* That ſhewed he was no dumbe Miniſter. But what ſaide they, diddeſt thou heare any words between them?

*Liu.* Faith there was a bargaine during life, and the clock cried, God giue them ioy.

*Pri.* Villaine they be married.

*Half.* Nay I thinke not ſo.

*Spe.* Yes, yes, God giue you ioy is a binder, Ile quickly be reſolued. *Candius* come forth.

*Enter Candius.*

*Pri.* And Ile be put out of doubt. *Liuia* come foorth.

*Liuia.*

*Spe.* The micher hangs downe his head.

*Pri.* The

*Pri.* The baggage begins to blush.

*Half.* Now begins the game.

*Lin.* I beleeue it will be no game for vs.

*Spe.* Are you married young maister?

*Can.* I cannot denie it, it was done so lately.

*Spe.* But thou shalt repent, it was done so soone.

*Pri.* Then tis bootlesse to aske you *Liuia.*

*Liu.* I, and needlesse to be angry.

*Pri.* It shall passe anger, thou shalt finde it rage.

*Liu.* You gaue your consent.

*Pri.* Impudent giglot, was it not inough to abuse me, but also to belie me?

*Can.* You sir agreed to this match.

*Spe.* Thou brazen face boy, thinkest thou by learning to perswade me to that which thou speakest. Where did I cõsent, when, what witnesse?

*Can.* In this place yesterday before Dromio and Risio.

*Pri.* I remember we heard a contract between *Memphios* sonne and *Stellios* daughter: and that our good wills being asked which needed not, we gaue them, which booted not.

*Can.* Twas but the apparell of Accius and Silena, wee were the persons.

*Pri.* O villany not to be borne, Wast thou priuie to this practise?

*Lin.* In a manner.

*Pri.* Ile pray thee after a manner.

*Spe.* And you oatemeale groate, you were acquainted with this plot. *Half.* Accessarie as it were.

*Spe.* Thou shalt be punished as principall: here comes Memphio and Stellio, they belike were priuie, and all their heads were laide togither to grieue our hearts.

*Enter Memphio, Stellio.*

*Mem.* Come Stellio, the assurance may be made to mor-

row, and our children assured to day.

*Stel.* Let the conueyance run as we agreed.

*Pri.* You conuey cleanly indeed, if cosonage be cleane dealing, for in the apparrel of your children you haue conuaid a match betweene ours, which greeues vs not a litle.

*Mem.* Nay in the apparrell of your children, you haue discouered the folly of ours, which shames vs ouermuch.

*Stel.* But tis no matter, though they be fooles, they are no beggers.

*Spe.* And though ours be disobedient, they be no fooles.

*Dro.* So now they tune their pipes.

*Ri.* You shall heare sweete musicke betweene a hoarse rauen and a schritch owle.

*Mem.* Neighbours let vs not vary, our boyes haue plaid their chearing partes, I suspected no lesse at the Tauerne, where fourc foure knaues met togither.

*Ri.* If it were knauery for foure to meete in a Tauerne, your wor. wot wel there were other foure.

*Stel.* This villaine cals vs knaues by craft.

*Lin.* Nay truly, I dare sweare he vsed no craft, but means plainly.

*Spe.* This is worse, come *Half.* tel truth & scape the rod.

*Half.* As good confesse here being trust, as at home with my hose about my heeles.

*Dro.* Nay Ile tell thee, for twil neuer become thee to vtter it.

*Mem.* Wel out with it.

*Dro.* Memphiō had a foole to his sonne, which Stellio knew not; Stellio a foole to his daughter, vnknowne to Memphio, to cooſen ech other, they dealt with their boies for a match, we met with Lincio and Halfpenie, who tolde the loue betweene their masters children, the youth deeply in loue, the fathers vnwitting to consent.

*Ri.* Ile take the tale by the ende, then wee foure met,

which

which argued we were no mountaines, and in a Tauerne we met, which argued we were mortall, and euerie one in his wine tolde his daies worke, which was a signe we forgot not our businesse, and seeing all our maisters troubled with deuises, we determined a litle to trouble the water before they drunk, so that in the attire of your children, our maisters wise children bewrayed their good natures, and in the garments of our maisters children yours made a marriage, this all stood vpon vs poore children, and your young children, to shewe that old folkes may be ouertaken by children.

*Pri.* Heres a children indeed, Ile neuer forget it.

*Mem.* I wil, Accius come forth.

*Stel.* I forgiue all, Silena come forth.

*Spe.* Neighbor, these things cannot be recald, therefore as good consent, seeing in all our purposes also we mist the marke, for they two wil match their children.

*Pri.* Wel of that more anone, not so suddenly, least our vngratious youths thinke we dare do no other, but in truth their loues stirs vp nature in me.

*Mem.* Come Accius, thou must be married to Silena. How art thou minded?

*Acc.* What for euer & euer? *Mem.* I Accius, what else?

*Ac.* I shal neuer be able to abide it, it wil be so tedious.

*Stel.* Silena thou must be betrothed to Accius, and loue him for thy husband.

*Sil.* I had as liefe haue one of clouts.

*Stel.* Why Silena?

*Si.* Why looke how he lookes.

*Acc.* If you wil not another wil.

*Sil.* I thanke you for mine old cap.

*Acc.* And if you be so lustie, lend me two shillings.

*Pri.* We are happie, we mist the foolish match.

*Mem.* Come, you shall presently be contracted.

*Dro.* Contract their wits no more, they be shrunke close alreadie.

*Acc.* Wel father heeres my hand, strike the bargaine.

*Si.* Must he lie with me?

*Stel.* No Silena, lie by thee.

*Acc.* I shal giue her the humble-bees kisse.

*Enter Vicinia.*

*Vici.* I forbid the banes.

*Ri.* What doest thou thinke them rattes, and feareſt they shall be poysoned?

*Mem.* You Vicina, wherefore?

*Vic.* Hearken, about eighteene yeares ago, *I* nurst thee a sonne Memphio, and thee a daughter Stellio.

*Stel.* True. *Mem. True.*

*Vic.* I had at that time two children of mine owne, and being poore, thought it better to chaunge them then kill them, I imagined it by deuice I could thrust my children into your houses, they would be well brought vp in their youth, and wisely prouided for in their age, nature wrought with me, and when they were weaned, I sent home mine in sted of yours, which hitherto you haue kept tenderly as yours: growing in yeares I founde the children *I* kept at home to loue dearly, at first like brother and sister, which *I* reioyced at, but at length too forward in affection, which although inwardly *I* could not mislike, yet openly I seemed to disallow: they increased in their louing humors, *I* ceased not to chastise thē for their loose demeanors, at last it came to my eares, that my son that was out with *Memphio* was a foole, that my daughter with *Stellio* was also vnwise, & yet being brother and sister, there was a match in hammering betwixt them.

*Mem.* What monstrous tale is this?

*Stel.* And I am sure incredible.

*Spe.* Let

*Spe.* Ler her end her discourse.

*Acc.* Ile neuer beleeue it.

*Mem.* Hold thy peace.

*Vic.* My very bowels earned within me, that *I* should be author of such vilde incest, an hinderance to lawfull loue, *I* went to the good olde woman *Mother Bombie*, to know the euent of this practise, who told me, this day I might preuēt the danger, and vpon submission escape the punishment: hither I am come to claime my childrē, thogh both fooles, and to deliuer yours both liuing.

*Mem.* Is this possible, how shall we beleeue it?

*Stel.* It cannot sinke into my head.

*Vic.* This tryall cannot faile, your sonne Memphio had a mole vnder his eare, *I* framed one vnder my childes eare by Art, you shal see it taken away with the iuyce of mandrage, behold now for your sons, no hearbe can vndo that nature hath don. Your daughter Stellio hath on her wrist a moale, which I counterfeited on my daughters arme, & that shall you see taken away as the other. Thus you see *I* do not dissemble, hoping you wil pardon me, as I haue pitied them.

*Mem.* This is my sonne. O fortunate Memphio!

*St.* This is my daughter more then thrice happie Stellio!

*Mæst.* How happie is Mæstius thou blessed Serena, that being neither children to poore parents, nor brother & sister by nature, may enioy their loue by consent of parents and nature.

*Acc.* Soft, Ile not swap my father for all this.

*Si.* What do you thinke *Ile* be coosned of my father, me thinkes *I* should not, Mother Bombie tolde me my father knew me not, my mother bore me not, falsly bred, truly begot, a bots on *Mother Bombie*.

*Dro.* *Mother Bombie* told vs we shuld be found coosners, and in the end be coosned by coosners: welfare *Mother Bom.*

*Ri.* I heard Mother *Bombie* say, that thou shalt die a beggar, beware of Mother *Bomby.*

*Pri.* Why haue you all bene with Mother *Bomby*?

*Lin.* All, and as far as I can see, foretold all.

*Mem.* Indeed she is cunning and wise, neuer dooing harme, but stil practising good, seeing these things fall out thus, are you content Stellio the match go forward?

*Stel.* I, with double ioy, hauing found for a foole a wise maide, and finding between them both exceeding loue.

*Pri:* Then to ende all iars, our childrens matches shall stand with our good liking, Liuia enioy Candius.

*Spe.* Candius enioy Liuia.

*Can.* How shall wee reccompence fortune, that to our loues hath added our parents good wills?

*Mæst:* How shal we requite fortune, that to our loues hath added lawfulnesse, and to our poore estate competent liuing?

*Mem.* Vicina thy fact is pardoned, though the law wold see it punisht, we be content to keepe Silena in the house with the new married couple.

*Stel.* And I do maintaine Accius in our house.

*Vici.* Come my children, though fortune hath not prouided you lands, yet you see you are not destitute of frends, I shal be eased of a charge both in purse and conscience, in conscience, haue reuealed my lewde practise: in purse, hauing you kept of almes.

*Acc.* Come, if you be my sister, tis the better for you.

*Sil.* Come brother, me thinkes its better then it was, I should haue bene but a balde bride, Ile eate as much pie as if I had bene married.

*Memp.* Lets also forgiue the knauerie of our boyes, since all turnes to our good haps.

*Stel.* Agreed, all are pleased now the boyes are vnpunisht.

*Enter*

*Enter Hackneyman, Sergeant, Scriuener.*

*Hack.* Nay soft, take vs with you, and seeke redresse for our wrongs, or weele complaine to the Maior.

*Pri.* Whats the matter?

*Hack.* I arrested Memphios boy for an horse after much mocking, at the request of his fellow wagges, I was content to take a bond ioyntly of them all, they had me into a Tauerne, there they made me, the Scriuener, and the Sergeant, drunke, pawnde his mase for the wine, and seald me an obligation nothing to the purpose, I pray you reade it.

*Memp.* What wags be these? Why by this bonde you can demaund nothing, and things done in drinke, may be repented in soberneſſe, but not remedied.

*Dro.* Sir, I haue his acquittance, let him sue his bond.

*Hack.* Ile crie quittance with thee.

*Ser.* And I, or it shall cost me the laying on freely of my mase.

*Scri.* And Ile giue thee such a dash with a pen as shal cost thee many a pound, with such a *Nouerint* as cheap side can shewe none such.

*Half.* Do your worst, our knaueries will reuenge it vpon your childrens children.

*Mem:* Thou boy, we will paie the hire of the horse, be not angrie, the boyes haue bene in a merrie cousoning vaine, for they haue serued their maisters of the same sort, but all must be forgotten, now al are content but the poore fidlers, they shall bee sent for to the marriage and haue double fees.

*Dro.* You need no more send for a fidler to a feast, than a beggar to a faire.

*Stel.* This day we will feast at my house.

*Mem:* To morrow at mine.

*Pri.* The next day at mine.

Sup.

*Spe.* Then at mine the last, and euen so spend this weeke in good cheere.

*Dro.* Then wee were best be going whilest euery one is pleased, and yet these couples are not fully pleasde, till the priest haue done his worst.

*Ri.* Come Sergeant, weele tosse it this weeke, and make thy mase arrest a boild capon.

*Ser.* No more words at the wedding: if the maior should know it, I were in danger of mine office.

*Ri.* Then take heed how on such as we are, you shew a cast of your office.

*Half.* If you mace vs, weele pepper you.

*Ac.* Come sister, the best is, wee shall haue good cheere these foure daies.

*Liu.* And be fooles for euer.

*Si.* Thats none of our vpseekings.

FINIS.